

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE EMIGRANTS.*

The steamer drew nearer and nearer. The fair city rose as if from under the water. Great delight and astonishment seized Vavron; he removed his cap, opened his lips and gazed; he gazed, and then said to the girl:—

“Marysia!”

“O for God’s sake!”

“Dost see?”

“I see!”

“Dost wonder?”

“I wonder.”

But Vavron not only wondered, he desired. Seeing the green shores on both sides of the bay, and the dark lines of groves, he continued:—

“Well, praise be to God! If they would only give me land right away, here near the city, with that meadow, it would be close to the market. The fair would come; a man might drive a cow, drive a pig, and sell them. I see that people are here as numerous as poppy seeds. In Poland I was a peasant, but here I shall be a lord.”

At that moment the splendid National Park deployed before his eyes in all its length, and Vavron, when he saw those groups and clusters of trees, said again:—

“I will bow down low to the great, mighty commissioner of the Government,—I will talk to him cunningly to give me even sixty acres of this forest, and afterward an addition. If an inheritance, then an inheritance. I can

send a man with wood in the morning to the city. Glory to the Highest! for I see that the German did not deceive me.”

Lordship smiled somehow at Marysia also, and she knew not why that song came to her head which brides sang to bridegrooms at weddings in Lipintse:—

What sort of bridegroom art thou?
Thy whole outfit is a cap and a coat.

Had she, perhaps, the design of singing something similar to poor Yasko, when he should come for her and she should be an heiress?

Now a little steamer from the quarantine flew toward the great one. Four or five men came on board. Conversation and outeries set in. Soon another steamer came up from the city itself, bringing agents of hotels and boarding-houses, guides, money-changers, railroad agents; all these shouted in heaven-piercing voices, crowding and circling around the whole deck. Vavron and Marysia had fallen, as it were, into a vortex, and could not tell what to do.

The Kashub advised the old man to change his money, and promised not to let people cheat him. Vavron followed his advice. He received forty-seven dollars in silver for what he had. Before all this was finished, the steamer had approached the city so nearly that not only the houses could be seen, but people on the streets. They passed every moment larger or smaller ves-

* From “Sielanka.” By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$2.00.

sels; at last they reached the wharf, and pushed into a narrow dock of the port.

The journey was ended.

People poured out from the steamer like bees from a hive. Along the narrow gangway, from the deck to the shore, flowed a many-colored throng; the first class, then the second, and at last the steerage passengers, bearing their effects.

When Vavron and Marysia, pushed by the throng, approached the gangway, they found the Kashub near them. He pressed Vavron's hand firmly, and said:—

"Bruder! I wish luck! and to thee, girl, God aid thee!"

"The Lord God repay!" answered both; but there was no time for further farewell. The crowd urged them along the gangway, and in a moment they found themselves in a broad custom-house building.

The custom-house officer, dressed in gray overcoat with a silver star, felt of their packages, then called, "All right!" and pointed to the exit. They went out, and found themselves on the street.

"Tatulo! but what shall we do?"

"We must wait. The German said that a commissioner would come from the Government and inquire for us."

They stood at a wall, waiting for a commissioner; meanwhile the uproar of an unknown and immense city surrounded them. They had never seen anything like it. The streets were straight, broad, and on them were crowds of people, as in time of a fair; in the middle of the street were carriages, omnibuses, freight wagons. Round about sounded a strange, unknown tongue; the shouts of workmen and hucksters were heard. From moment to moment entirely black people pushed past; they had big, woolly heads. At sight of these, Vavron and Marysia made the sign of the cross on

themselves, piously. Something marvellous to them was that city, so noisy, so full of voices, so full of whistling of locomotives, clatter of wagons, and shouting of men. All people there were running as quickly as if hunting down some one, or fleeing from some one, and besides, what swarms of them! What strange faces; now black, now olive-color, now reddish! Just where they were standing, near the harbor, the greatest activity reigned; from some steamers they were unloading bales; at other steamers they were putting them in. Wagons arrived every moment; trucks clattered on cross-walks; a hurly-burly and an uproar raged as in a sawmill.

In this way passed one hour and a second; they were standing at the wall, waiting for the commissioner.

A strange sight on the American shore, in New York, was that Polish peasant, with long hair growing gray, in his square-topped cap, with lamb-skin body, that girl from Lipintse, in a dark blue jacket, and with beads around her neck.

But strangers passed without even looking at them. In New York people wonder at no face, at no dress.

Another hour passed; the sky became cloud-covered; rain fell, mixed with snow; a cold, damp wind came in from the sea.

They remained waiting for the commissioner.

The peasant nature was patient; but something in their souls began to grow heavy.

They had felt lonely on the steamer, and strange people, and that desert of water had been terrible and evil. They had implored God to conduct them, like wandering children, over the abysses of the ocean. They had thought that if once they could put foot on land, their misfortune would end. Now they had come; they were in a great city; but in that city, in the

uproar of men, they felt all at once that it was lonelier still, and more terrible than ever it had been on the steamer.

The commissioner was not coming. What would they do if he should not come at all, if the German had deceived them?

The poor peasant hearts quivered with dread at the thought. What would they do? They would just perish.

Meanwhile the wind passed through their clothing, the rain wet them.

"Marysia, art thou not cold?" inquired Vavron.

"Cold, tatulo," answered the girl.

The city clock struck another hour; it was growing dark in the world. The movement at the wharf ceased; street lamps were lighted; one sea of gleaming lights flashed through the city. Laborers from the wharf, singing with hoarse voices, strolled along in smaller or larger groups into the city. Gradually the street was deserted completely. The custom-house was closed.

They remained waiting for the commissioner.

At last night came, and it was quiet at the water, save that, from time to time, the dark smoke-stacks of ferry-boats belched out bundles of sparks with a hiss, which died in the darkness, or a wave splashed, striking the stone embankment. At times was heard the song of a drunken sailor, returning to his ship. The light of the lamps became pale in the fog. They waited.

Even if they had had no wish to wait, where could they go? What were they to do? Where were they to turn? Where were they to lay their wearied heads? The cold pierced them more sharply; hunger tortured them. If

they had even a roof above their heads, for they were wet to the skin.

Ah! the commissioner had not come, and he would not come, for there was no such commissioner. The German was an agent of the transportation company; he took a percentage for each person and cared for nothing more.

Vavron felt that the legs were tottering under him, that some gigantic weight was crushing him, that God's anger must be hanging over him.

He suffered and waited, as only a peasant can. The voice of the girl, shivering from cold, roused him at last from his torpor.

"Tatulo."

"Be quiet. There is no mercy above us!"

"Let us go back to Lipintse."

"Go drown thyself—"

"O God, God!" whispered Marysia, quietly.

Grief seized Vavron.

"Oh, orphan, poor girl! May God take pity even on thee!"

But she heard him no longer. Leaning her head against the wall, she closed her eyes. Sleep came, broken, oppressive, feverish. And in a dream, as it were a picture in a frame, Lipintse, and as it were the song of Yasko, the groom:—

What bride art thou?
Thy whole outfit
Is a garland of rue.

The first rays of daylight in the port of New York fell on the water, the masts, and the custom-house building.

In that gray light one might have distinguished under a wall two sleeping figures, with pallid, bluish faces; they were covered with snow, and were as still as if dead. But in the book of their misfortune only the first leaves had been turned.

THE WORKINGMAN IN LETTERS AND LIFE.*

It has taken the workingman a long time to gain the entrée into the world of letters; but he has arrived at last. Wordsworth was probably the first English author whose people worked with their hands for a living. Charles Lamb could not away with the Peddler as hero of the "Excursion," but that worthy held his own, along with the Leech-gatherer, the sailors, the shepherds, the reapers,—people whose character was accented by their occupation, and who could dispense with a large variety of melodramatic adventures because their time was spent in carrying on the business of life, and in gaining spiritual experience thereby. Between Wordsworth's day and ours lies a long development in the literary treatment of the producing class. To-day, to reveal this class, soul, body, and conditions, is one of the chief quests of modern romance. To feel how great a distance we have traveled, we need only try to imagine Sir Walter Scott reading "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady." Between the two there is a constantly progressive gain in actuality. Imaginative understanding of the types developed among modern workers, of their interests, prejudices, aspirations, passions, deformities, and heroisms, is essential to any right judgment of the social situation. Its splendid artistic and human opportunity, fiction has discerned but slowly; it is awakening to this opportunity at last; and Dickens and Kingsley seem nearly as remote as Rousseau to a generation that reads Kipling, Morison, and Hamlin Garland. Probably the very readable books of Sir Walter Besant inaugurated the modern attitude, which tries to see things as they

are; but "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "The Children of Gibeon" seem a little old-fashioned to-day. Their studies in East London life are written with the air of an explorer in strange and unknown lands. Types are cleverly caught; but are seen only from a distance; the shop-girl's bang is better discerned than her manners, and her manners than her soul; while Angela and Valentine, the engaging heroines, are inventions of the reformer, not real girls. The books, as a whole, are frankly Utopian. In the few years that have passed since these pleasant stories were written, the sense of actuality in fiction has deepened with amazing rapidity. Dialect stories, labor-movement stories, stories of railroad people, of cow-boys, of employees, clerks, light-house keepers, politicians, street-waifs, all witness to the hunger of the public for knowledge of the common life. Some of this writing is bad and cheap, but some of it is good, and the best thing about it is that, for the most part, its direct animus is not that of the reformer, but of pure, brotherly interest. Art is drawing nearer and telling facts, where it used to stand at a distance and invent melodrama. To see how much it profits by its new attitude, how pathos, above all, gains in poignancy when it forgets itself and becomes obedient to truth, one need only compare Dickens' first social novel, "Oliver Twist," with a little modern book curiously similar in subject, Arthur Morison's "Child of the Jago." Such a story, again, as Kipling's "magically accurate" study of Badalia Herodsfoot, as one who should know calls it, shows that a tradition of truth is established from which fiction would find it hard to retreat. In "Marcella," poor though the

* From "Social Ideals in English Letters." By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

book is as a novel, we feel that the heroine and the environment are a transcript from life, not a suggestion to life, as in the stories of Besant; and the story, with its sequel, bears clear witness to the breaking down of barriers and the growth of social intercourse between the alienated classes.

In this drawing together of the privileged and the unprivileged, nothing is more hopeful than that the unprivileged are finding their voice. For it would be foolish to pretend that comprehension between classes is instinctive. Barriers of wealth and rank vanish instantly to the spiritual gaze, but there are other barriers more persistent. The well-bred are practically the well-born in the modern world, and the spoken sentence places a man more surely than his clothes or his manners. When all conventions are discarded, the fact remains that it is never easy to establish relations of full understanding between men trained only in the school of life and those trained in the school of letters. Minds do not work in the same way; moral standards are curiously different; values appear in quite a different light; prejudices and traditions are often diametrically opposed; and it sometimes seems that only a miracle can promote that sincere and serious intercourse necessary to real comradeship. There is need of every social settlement, every labor conference, every association of professional men with manual workers to make the distance less.

The difficulty is enormously increased by the fact that the unprivileged classes are usually inarticulate. It is the weakness of all our social literature that it is written entirely from the point of view of the privileged. On the work of William Morris, on that of many a radical socialist, rests the hall-mark of refinement, and the very choiceness of its ideas and tastes is in danger of limiting its appeal to the

aristocrat, and of bringing it even into the sphere of the dilettante or the amateur. In spite of the earnestness and eloquence of much of the social criticism which we have passed in review, one is instinctively sure that only the very exceptional workingman would ever read it. And yet, the cause of the spiritual democracy can never be wholly won by the movement of the rich toward the poor. There must be a corresponding movement of the poor toward the rich, and the society of the future must be formed by the intellectual as well as the practical co-operation of all.

In the nature of the case, the self-expression of the laboring classes can never be so copious nor so complete as that of the leisure class and the well-to-do. Yet here and there the dim stirrings of life and desire, the ideals, aims and characteristic thoughts, which instinctively belong to the vast throng of unlettered men, are making themselves known. Working people do not speak with the polish, with the logic, nor even with the power always to say exactly the thing they mean, that might be desired. But to listen to them is more important, on the whole, than to air one's own theories, or even to record one's own observations. To hear one speech by a labor leader is more instructive than to read any number of brilliant studies of labor leaders made from the outside. Such speeches are now-a-days often accessible, but the educated public does not appreciate the privilege of hearing them. It is curious in a busy lecture season to meditate on the symbolic audiences assembled in different parts of the same city. Here are well-dressed and critical crowds listening with mild pleasure to lectures on botany or poetry or history, or, it may be, economics; and here at the other end of the town is another audience, less well dressed, an audience close proximity to which is

not always agreeable, one possessing, probably, a much larger proportion of men than that other just left; and it listens, not with critical, unimpassioned enjoyment, but with tense interest, with passion, with cries of approval or wrath, as the case may be. The address delivered to this audience of the workers will, in all probability be redolent of an idealism and of a wistful moral passion wholly out of the range of speaker or audience up-town; prob-

ably also, while it quickens the pulse with disinterested fervor for justice and freedom, it will lead the mind astray with reasoning pitifully false; but it is entirely certain that the tone and temper of the up-town and down-town addresses will be emanations from two different worlds, which have so strangely little in common that it is difficult to realize that they both exist within the limits of the same community.

IN BRITISH UNIFORM.*

I had no cause of complaint, though the confinement and solitude were bitter enough to an active man. As the days went on, I lost hope of an early exchange for myself, and mourned bitterly the fate that kept me closely caged, when every man was needed to fight. No tidings came to me, and I could only torment myself with imagining the fortunes of the Continental army. Knowing the destitute condition of the men, and that some who were yet enlisted for short periods would soon go to their homes, I could scarce think of the matter with hope. A prison soon destroys hopefulness in the heart and depresses the most buoyant spirits.

One afternoon I heard voices in the yard below, and went to the window, as eager as a child to look upon a show. Two British soldiers were talking together, and at first I felt only disappointment at so common a sight, and then my attention was riveted upon the taller of the two figures. But for the scarlet coat, which was fresh and new, I should have recognized that

lank form in a moment. The uniform fitted ill, however, and not even its splendors could disguise the wearer. I knew him before he turned his head; it was Ephraim Minot. I gazed at him in some bewilderment, scarcely able to believe the evidence of my own senses. Yet it was he; I saw him, I heard his drawling voice, and in my heart believed him a knave. I remembered his intimacy with the Tories at Corbie's Tavern, and for a little while, imagined many evil things. This was the culmination of his treachery, doubtless, and I saw him in his true colors. While these thoughts were in my mind, he looked up and saw me, but stared at me as though he knew me not, and I turned from the window, feeling only regret that one who had seemed so honest should be so deep a traitor. Yet, after I reflected, my heart smote me for judging him, and I endeavored to see some way out of the mystery. When my supper was brought, I asked my attendant, who talked with him in the garden, and was told that it was an honest man from Massachusetts to enlist in the king's service. Then I knew that for whatever purpose he had come, Ephraim had donned the royal uniform with a lie in his mouth,

*From "A Yankee Volunteer." By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.25.

and this made me more hopeful of his sincerity, since I knew his love for such manœuvres. Yet was I not wholly satisfied that all was fair, and waited and watched with no little curiosity. The thought that he had come to gain access to me took shape in my mind, and was rejected as the time passed and he made no sign. Neither did any word come from Joyce, and I began to believe that I was to be completely isolated. But it is ever darkest just before the dawn.

It was evening when my release came at last. It was storming hard, and the rain dashed on my window, but there was no wind. I had sat alone so long that I began to weave my fancies into dreams of freedom on the moors of Essex County. My solitary taper was burning low, and when it went out I should have the darkness for my company. Presently I heard a step in the outer room, coming more quickly than my guard was accustomed to move, and the bolts went back. I looked up in surprise, since it was unusual for any one to come at that hour. The door opened now, however, to reveal the unmistakable figure of Ephraim Minot. He stopped upon the threshold, for doubting him, I fixed my eyes upon him coldly. Howbeit, he was but little disconcerted, and in a moment came on to the table, where he laid down a bundle and stood regarding me with composure.

"Well, Captain," he said deliberately, "I thought you'd be better pleased to see me than you seem."

"Not in that uniform," I answered sternly; "you force me to think you a deserter."

"Well, I be darned!" said Ephraim, with some apparent amazement. "I should think that you had known me long enough to believe me honest, as men go."

"I am loath to think otherwise," I replied, my doubts of him departing as I

looked at his shrewd, honest face and the kindly twinkle in his eyes. "I hope that you can tell me a straighter story than you told the corporal yonder."

At this, the strange fellow smiled a little, as if he enjoyed his own ability to weave a fairy tale.

"I came here for you, Captain Allen," he remarked calmly, untying his bundle and revealing a scarlet uniform and a pistol; "we have no time to lose, either. I only got the corporal's place for an hour because he was ordered out for other duty; they trusted me, being a simple rustic who loves the king—hang him!"

"What is this gear?" I asked, pointing at the scarlet coat, which he was shaking out and looking at with affectionate pride.

"I stole it," he remarked calmly; "and poor enough it is, too, but I calculate that it will fit you pretty well. Get it on, captain, we've no time to lose; I've got a dory tied up by the wharf, and it's one chance in a hundred. The rain has driven many from the streets, and there is a ball to-night that takes all the officers off to a dance, except those who are drinking and gambling at the public houses."

My heart smote me for my mean suspicions, and I laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Minot," I said, "if there is a risk for you, if we are likely to be taken, I will not go. They would hang you in the morning."

"Put on the coat, captain," he answered dryly, "or they may hang us both. There is a clean chance for the door; the sentry below is a stranger, and knows not how many guards are on to-night. I have the password, but every minute counts."

I needed no further urging, and in ten minutes two British soldiers walked down the stairs, leisurely, to awaken no suspicion. Ephraim gave the pass-

word at the lower door, and we were in the street, and I felt the rain upon my face with the wild joy of a man who has been penned up like a beast. But, being free, I had but the one thought to see Joyce before I left the town, yet could I so endanger my comrade by delay? While the thought was in my mind, he pressed me to proceed more rapidly, for we were in the vicinity of the Fly Market, and here were usually many officers and soldiers. Then I informed him frankly that I desired to see Miss Talbot before I left the place, and bade him leave me, saying I would join him later. At which he told me that she was privy to the whole scheme of my release, had bidden him tell me not to pause an instant, but to fly, for her sake, and he thrust a little note into my hand. I could not read it, but I kissed it in the darkness, and no longer hesitated, reflecting that free, I could serve her, and a prisoner, I was as good as dead. We walked rapidly, and Ephraim led the way toward the Battery. We had thus to cross the town, and passed more than one gay company upon the way to the ball.

Ladies in gaudy attire, with waving plumes in the high white structure of their puffs and curls, looked out coquettishly from sedan chairs, their faces lighted by the lanterns of the attendants who ran beside them; and twice, in the narrow way, we jostled against parties of young officers, but no one accosted us. It was too common a sight; two soldiers hurrying through the streets upon an errand was an hourly occurrence. So we came unhindered to the river-bank upon the Hudson, and there, above the Battery, Ephraim had moored his craft at a moment when he was unnoticed. We paused an instant to look out over the black water and listen; then we were startled by the sound of steps above us, and the sharp challenge of the sentry. He was some yards away, and we leaped into the boat, and Minot cut the moorings before he came up with us. He challenged us again as we pushed off, and then fired. But the night was dark, and two strong men pulled the oars, and the boat shot out upon the river.

GLADSTONE'S VERSATILITY.*

Cognate to his literary studies was the pleasure with which he perused catalogues of old books. He welcomed the receipt of lists of second-hand books from booksellers all over the kingdom; and it was a special interest to him, when he went through the catalogues, to see if any of his own works were included among the lots, and at what price they were marked. By constant and continuous purchases during many years, he succeeded in putting

together a library of about 28,000 volumes; and when he recently came to rearrange his books, for transfer to a building in the village of Hawarden, he was rather distressed to find that duplicates amounted to nearly three per cent.; but as he had no catalogue, and had to trust entirely to his memory, the wonder was that the percentage of duplicates was not higher.

Borrowing the phraseology of political economy, and substituting mind for matter, he would liken reading to "imports," and writing to "exports." In his own case, vast and manifold though

* From "Mr. Gladstone." By Sir Edward W. Hamilton. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price, \$1.25.

the "imports" were, they were nearly balanced by the "exports," both in amount and diversity. A good illustration of this readiness of pen, combined with versatility of mind, is to be found in a recent magazine article.¹ A list is there given of the contributions which Mr. Gladstone made to that magazine from time to time. It appears that in the space of nineteen and a half years the number of his contributions amounted to no less than sixty-seven, and they included such heterogeneous subjects as Homer and Sheridan, the Olympian System and Free Trade, the "Slicing of Hector," and "Robert Elsmere," Bishop Butler and Professor Huxley, the Dawn of Creation and the Queen's Jubilee, Queen Elizabeth and Daniel O'Connell, the "Color Sense" and "Electoral Facts," the Solar Theory and Oppressed Nationalities.

The rapidity with which he wrote somewhat militated against neatness and polish of style. But his prose compositions have, I think, been generally underrated. Though the oratorical style ran through them, yet in his volumes of "Gleanings," for instance, there are often to be found passages containing great beauty of diction, and rising to a considerable height of literary excellence. However that may be, he was decidedly critical about the style of others, and most exacting about grammatical correctness.

A grammatical error, to which he had a rooted objection, in spite of its being countenanced by many authors of acknowledged standing, was the use of the "false genitive."² I remember once receiving quite a homily from him on his having detected, in a letter which I had written by his instructions, the in-

troduction of this misuse of the genitive. He was always on the lookout for it when he was reading, and had, he said, traced the "vulgarism" back to the time of Charles II. He believed that it was nowhere to be found in Shakespeare, or in such pure writers of English as Addison, Swift, and Johnson, and he defied any one to discover its occurrence in the Bible or in Macaulay's works. The two men of recent days whom he regarded as the greatest masters of English writing were Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin.

Perhaps Mr. Gladstone's own pen showed to greatest advantage in inditing letters and notes, and in no respect more than in the wealth of expression. He might have to write a dozen or more letters in rapid succession, offering appointments or announcing the Queen's pleasure about dignities and honors. Each note would not only be quite differently worded, but in the structure of no two of them would there be anything in common. Nobody had a happier knack of saying the right thing when it was a question of tendering congratulations, paying somebody a compliment, expressing sympathy, or offering encouragement to those situated in difficult circumstances.

His own handwriting was neat; but owing to the curious formation of some of the letters of the alphabet, it was not easy to read, at least in later days, unless one had acquired great familiarity with it. He highly appreciated clear handwriting of others. Nothing tried his patience more than letters written in niggling or scrawling hands. He liked a bold and large character, of the kind of which old Etonians are apt

¹ See "Nineteenth Century," June, 1898.

² To give an illustration of the false genitive: "I object to my friend being abused." In order to be correct one should say: "I object to my friend's being abused," which is awkward; or, "I object to the

abusing of my friend." If it were a case of using the pronoun the grammatical offence would be at once apparent. No one would say: "I object to him being abused;" but "I object to his being abused."

fondly to claim a monopoly; but he himself awarded the palm of handwriting to one of the most distinguished of Harrovians, Lord Palmerston,—a handwriting which Mr. Gladstone regarded as "truly noble."

His reading and writing, however, versatile though it was, by no means exhausted his many-sidedness. He was a decidedly good linguist. The French language came very easily to him, and he not only read and talked it freely, but he could make a public speech in it. He was equally at home with Italian, and he used to deplore the neglect of the study of that language, to which our language "owes so much." Though he did not speak German, he read it with facility. While he neither was, nor claimed to be, a connoisseur of art, yet he took great delight in it.

He was a regular visitor of picture-galleries, and often frequented shops containing *objets d'art*. In the course of his life he made several collections. At one time it was china, at another time ivories, and at another time (so-called) Italian jewels. There was no pretension about his collections. The attraction to him was not intrinsic value, but love for the beautiful, and the interest which the exercise of his own judgment and taste furnished. To him, throughout life, variety of interest, taken up with genuine zest, was a necessary concomitant of activity of mind; while to variety of employment he attributed the secret of his being able to throw off so easily the cares of state, and thus of retaining abnormal powers of vitality to such an advanced age.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A statue of the late Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" is to be unveiled at Rugby early next year.

The *Athenaeum* reports that the health of M. Ludovic Halévy is such as to cause serious anxiety to his friends.

Of Mr. Kipling's latest ballad, "Kitchener's School," The *Academy* remarks shrewdly and truly that "The song is not Kipling at his best, but it is excellent rhymed journalism."

Mr. Lecky says that Carlyle had the amusing habit, when in his reading he came upon a passage of high-flown eloquence, of putting a mark against it,—a pair of small, but well-drawn, donkey's ears.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's long-promised volume of verse is on the eve of publi-

cation. Only four of the pieces have ever been published before, though some were written and some partly written long ago.

The article reprinted in *The Eclectic* from *The Quarterly Review*, in keen disparagement of the religious novels of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, is said to have been written by the Rev. Dr. Barry of Dorchester, England.

Mr. R. E. Prothero has resigned the editorship of that weighty and often pungent organ of British thought, the *Quarterly Review*, and has been succeeded by his brother, Professor G. W. Prothero, Professor of History at Edinburgh, and author of several historical works.

"C. E. Raimond," author of "The Open Question" and one or two other works of fiction which have made more

or less of a stir, is authoritatively announced to be Miss Elizabeth Robins, an actress who has achieved brilliant success in interpreting Ibsen, and who, it seems, has put something of Ibsenism into her books.

The London County Council recently directed a tablet in memory of Andrew Marvell to be erected at Highgate, and it is now considering propositions for the erection of statues to Geoffrey Chaucer and John Milton. The movement for the Chaucer statue is prompted by the fact that the year 1900 will be the fifth centennial of Chaucer's death.

Some one has been at the pains to analyze the novels of Charles Dickens, bringing to light the fact that twelve of them contain no less than 818 speaking characters, of whom 486 have definite names and are not merely described by their characters or occupation. The largest number of speaking characters, 261, is found in "Pickwick Papers."

Dr. A. Conan Doyle is apparently annoyed at the conjectures made as to the influences which shaped some of his "Songs of Action;" for, in a published note, he takes pains to explain that some of the ballads appeared as far back as 1886, "The Song of the Bow" in 1889, and others in the early nineties. They therefore antedate the influences to which some critics have ascribed them.

It would seem as if some system might be devised for registering titles of books, to diminish the chances of confusing duplication. Last month in one week in London, two volumes of verse were published under the title "Love Triumphant," one by William Bedford and the other by Annie Matheson. It would have promoted the peace

of mind of both poets if, by some pre-arrangement, the title of one or the other volume could have been changed.

The Town Council of Perth has under consideration a proposition to purchase and permanently hold the building in the North Port known as "The Fair Maid's House," and reputed to have been the home of Scott's "The Fair Maid of Perth." But the Town Council is thrifty, and objects to the price, and besides, there is doubt whether the house ever had the fair inhabitant ascribed to it by tradition; so it is not likely to be preserved.

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, whose address is The Hermitage, Willow street, Boston, solicits subscriptions from the American admirers of the writings of Jane Austen for placing in Winchester Cathedral, where she was buried, a stained glass window in her memory. The window will cost either three hundred or six hundred pounds, according to its size and location, and the English committee which has the matter in charge, has thus far secured only one half of the smaller sum.

The Saturday Review has again changed hands,—for the third time within a few years. The new purchaser is the Earl of Hardwicke, whom The Academy describes rather equivocally as "formerly well known on many a race-course as Lord Royston, and now a member of the Stock Exchange." The new editor is Mr. Harold Hodge, and the policy of the new management, it is expected, will be imperialism abroad, coupled with progressive legislation at home. The new editor has strong tendencies toward State Socialism.

A book is nearly ready for publication in England, called "The Storm,"

which consists of a series of pictures of the daily life of the Christians in Armenia at the present time. It depicts various phases of the national movement, and it is said that it draws persons and scenes from life. It is to be hoped that it does not do this in a way to betray the identity of any of the Armenians described, for the Sultan has a long and cruel memory, and is capable of severe reprisals, not only against those whom he suspects of being political conspirators, but against those who are by kinship or in any other way connected with them.

The Rev. H. R. Reynolds, whose biography has been recently published in England, wrote in his youth a novel entitled "Yes and No." Its publication chanced to be nearly coincident with that of "The Mill on the Floss," and Mr. Reynolds's publisher, Mr. A. Macmillan, wrote to him as follows:

The reception of "Yes and No" by the press has been, on the whole, very favorable, but I am sorry to say it has not resulted in any considerable sale. . . . Nevertheless, it is a good book, and will, I trust, have done good in many quarters. I have just read the new book by the author of "Adam Bede," and am much better pleased to have published "Yes and No," even if no profit comes to me from it, than if I had published "The Mill on the Floss," and made thousands. The utter despair and hopelessness of the book is terrible. I think it can do nothing but harm.

The just-published life of Lewis Carroll gives this account of the origin of that pseudonym:

It was when writing for *The Train* that he first felt the need of a pseudonym. He suggested "Dares" (the first syllable of his birthplace) to Edmund Yates, but as this did not meet with his editor's approval, he wrote again, giving a choice of four names—(1) Edgar Cuthwellis, (2) Edgar U. C. Westhall, (3) Louis Carroll, and (4) Lewis Carroll. The first two were

formed from the letters of his two Christian names, Charles Lutwidge; the others are merely variant forms of those names—Lewis—Ludovicus—Lutwidge; Carroll—Carolus—Charles. Mr. Yates chose the last and thenceforward it became Mr. Dodgson's ordinary *nom de plume*. The first occasion on which he used it was, I believe, when he wrote "The Path of Roses," a poem, which appeared in *The Train* in May, 1856.

Dean Pigou's volume of reminiscences, from which several quotations have been made in these pages, is a mine of entertaining stories. Here is one, describing Mr. Speke, who was painfully nervous, giving an account of his discovery of the sources of the Nile, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society:

He stood upon the table, pulling there with him a small Uganda boy. Speke rested his hand on this little nigger's head, and, as he spoke, kept moving the lad's skullcap over his eyes. The boy, evidently thinking he had been brought over for a show, rolled his black eyes and put out his tongue as far as it would go. He was exactly like one of those toys with which children amuse themselves, pulling about the limbs with a piece of string. We were in fits of laughter. "Here," said Speke, "we arrived at Lake Tangi-something." Peals of laughter. "We proceeded further next day and came to Lake Bangi-something." Again a burst of laughter. The fact was that, unconsciously to Speke, the Uganda boy was making such frightful grimaces and so distorting his whole body under the pressure of Speke's hand, that laughter was irresistible. I believe that Speke never could divine why the narration of the discovery of the source of the Nile, not unattended with much risk of life, caused such merriment.

An intimation made in *The Academy* that the American Revised Bible just issued in England from the Oxford presses was published without

the knowledge or sanction of the American Revisers, is confirmed by a circular which the American revision committee has printed. This circular declares the English publication to be in violation of an agreement, and it adds:

The American public will be enabled to determine what judgment to pronounce on the recently issued and widely advertised edition, calling itself the American version, but prepared by Englishmen who have no authority to represent the American revisers, and published before the expiration of the fourteen years in question, by the same University Presses that secured from the American revisers a pledge not to publish an American edition till after that time.

Henry Cabot Lodge's "The Story of The Revolution," (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers) is well named, for, while it is not lacking in the dignity or proportion which should characterize historical writing, it is marked by a virile force and a directness of style which make it fascinating as a "story." Mr. Lodge, who is one of the best American representatives of the type described by Lord Rosebery as "literary statesmen," has evidently made patient search of the records of the time, but he has fused the results of his studies into a narrative which contains no suggestion of an exploration of archives, but is free and fluent. In all the details of book-making the publishers have made these two volumes as attractive as possible. In these days of cheap photographic processes, it is refreshing to come upon a work like this, which is really worthily illustrated. It is said that twelve thousand dollars was expended upon the pictures for this work, which number about two hundred, and include many rare portraits and reproductions of historical paintings.

As was to have been expected, the "Life of Lewis Carroll" contains some delightful specimens of the playful letters which he was in the habit of writing to young correspondents. Here, for example, is one in which he described to a little daughter of Mr. Arthur Hughes the adventures of some imaginary cats:

My dear Agnes: About the cats, you know. Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers; no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed—they wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know; they were too thin—but they were quite happy between the sheets of blotting-paper—and each of them had a pen-wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed; but first I lent them the three dinner-bells, to ring if they wanted anything in the night.

You know I have three dinner-bells—the first (which is the largest) is rung when dinner is nearly ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is quite ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner. Well, I told them they might ring if they happened to want anything—and, as they rang all the bells all night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them. In the morning I gave them some rattail jelly and buttered mice for breakfast, and they were as discontented as they could be. They wanted some boiled pelican, but of course I knew it wouldn't be good for them. So all I said was: "Go to Number Two, Flinborough Road, and ask for Agnes Hughes, and if it's really good for you, she'll give you some." Then I shook hands with them all, and wished them all good-bye, and drove them up the chimney. They seemed very sorry to go, and they took the bells and the portfolio with them. I didn't find this out till after they had gone, and then I was sorry, too, and wished for them back again. What do I mean by "them?" Never mind.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Arden, In the Forest of. By Hamilton Wright Mable. Decorated by Will H. Low. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Price \$2.

Cartagena, or The Lost Brigade. By Charles W. Hall. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

Catharine of Siena. By Arthur T. Pierson. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers. Price 50 cents.

Cathedral Bells. An illustrated Book of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Written by Rev. John Talbot Smith. Illustrated by Walter Russell. Price \$1.25.

Christ, A Life of, For the Young. By George Ludington Weed. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns, The. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.

Drama, Its Law and Technique, The. By Elizabeth Woodbridge, PhD. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.

Dramatic Criticism, Essays in. By L. Dupont Style. William R. Jenkins, publisher.

Egypt, The Land of the Temple Builders. By Walter Scott Perry. The Prang Educational Company, publishers.

Friend Dorothy, Thy. By Amy E. Blanchard. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.

Girl of '76, The. By Amy E. Blanchard. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

In Christ Jesus the Sphere of the Believer's Life. By Arthur T. Pierson. Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers. Price 60 cents.

Joscelyn Vernon: A Story of the Days of King Charles the First. By Archibald Campbell Knowles. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 75 cents.

Lasca, and Other Stories. By Mary F. Nixon. B. Herder, publisher. Price 60 cents.

Little Turning Aside, A. By Barbara Yechton. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$1.

Living Saviour, The. By Rev. S. E. Hotchkiss. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

Maria Felicia, A Story of Bohemian Love. By Caroline Svetla. Translated from the Bohemian by Antonie Krejsa. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.

Miscellanies. By Austin Dobson. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.

Music and Poetry. By Sidney Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.

Navy, In the War with Spain, Our. By John R. Spears. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$2.

Obstinate Maid, An. By Mary E. Ireland. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.

Pictures, How to Enjoy. By M. S. Emery. The Prang Educational Company, publishers.

Philip, The Story of a Boy Violinist. By T. W. O. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.

Red Rock: A Chronicle of Reconstruction. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.

Rembrandt, A Romance of Holland. By Walter Cranston Larned. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.

Sir Jefferson Nobody. By Effie W. Merriman. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.

Spiritual Life, The. By Andrew Murray. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Gullermo Zollinger. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.

Wit and Humor, English. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

Wit and Humor, Irish. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

Wit and Humor, Scotch. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

With the Dream-Maker. By John Habberton. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.

